Poems (drafts

- Brian Edwards

I was
what I was
the world
creates things
and sometimes
we create things
in the world
I was what I was
not a saint
nor a villain
partly a dreamer
partly
far too awake
I had no
one philosophy
of life
yet many times
I could hear them
spoken of
in silent rooms
I was what I was
the labels
that some
will give to me
contain some
partial truth
yet only partial
for those
of this world
never knew me
that well
and I was only
ever in this world
partially
so there ...
I give you
a whole truth
for the sake
of your curiosity

***

- 12/13/2025

2.

See it realized then
that you
already knew
that you
were blessed
by the ocean
that you were
awakened
by the ocean
the sound
of the seagulls
gathering
brought you
visions
and dreaming
you already knew
that your soul
was mingled
with that
of the ocean
you already knew
the many
enchantments
of the Sun
above the waves

***

- 12/14/2025

3.

Lost at sea
in a sea
of minutiae
my sailboat
goes on towards
the torch
of the Colossus
then towards
the great
and ancient
lighthouse
I imagine
such a library
almost divine
as the glaciers
melt
north and south
the sea
of minutiae
is expanding
perhaps someday
it will be
all that
there is
all that remains
on the surface
of this planet

***

- 12/14/2025

4.

Pirate radio poet
son of salty waves
and seagull calls
there along
the sea at dawn
the threshold
of a cathedral
of eternity
with words
given wind
with poetry
given sail
across vast
regions of the
cosmic heavens
upon waves
of the
radio ocean
unfurling
the Jolly Roger
across bandwidths
across frequencies
of the ancient
constellations
son of salty waves
the seagulls
are calling to you

***

-12/14/2025

5.

Our civilization
is a dream
of clouds
send me
to Earth with
metallic wings
bind my soul
to rays
of starlight
keep me
within
the confines
of anointed
mathematics
I wish
to behold
the phoenix
in such
a blue
atmosphere

***

- 12/14/2025

6.

Silence
is the void
you believe in
its always
been that way
for you
the last candle
burns
in the last hour
in the last day
of something
enormously
important
I weave
these words
into a tapestry
I cast it into
an eastward wind
for silence
is the void
I've always
believed in
as well

***

- 12/14/2025

7.

Back to
that job
tomorrow
that slowly
devours
my soul
minutes
and hours
days ... weeks
months ... years
a bounty
collected
for a system
that is like
sulfur
in the Moonlight
there it is
I can hear it
if I strain
to listen
that silent song
of a different
world
that might
have been

***

- 12/14/2025

8.

A winter wind
harshly blows
I have known
this desolation
many times
across the span
of my life
the windows
are all closed
the cats
stay inside
I have
a pleasant
thought
and within
mere moments
it is frozen
you can't
win much
on a day
like today
all you
can do
is remember
the warmer
days of summer
remember them
and wait out
these days
of frozen
thoughts
of memories
that freeze
in a cold
Sunlight

***

- 12/15/2025

8.

My homeland
is a frozen
tundra
this morning
the ground
is ice
the expressions
of the Sun
seem to
turn to ice
and I've got to
be at the job
in an hour
and fifteen
minutes
that place
is a frozen
tundra
as well
of a different sort
I prefer
the place
where the ice
sparkles
like a frozen
dream
that is often
pleasing
to eyes that seek
the pleasant things

***

- 12/15/2025

9.

The nights
of winter
have arrived
trying to
stay warm
with the heater
being broken
in this
apartment
where the walls
have been
a witness
to some sorrow
some madness
some moments
of absolution
here and there
and the saga
continues
to what end
I don't know
perhaps
the distant
nights of summer
will bring
some clarity
with them
perhaps
who knows
we'll find out
when the
seasons change

***

- 12/15/2025

10.

It's too late
tonight
to write
a song
I've already
gone outside
and looked
at the stars
with that
last cigarette
of the night
it's too late
to go out
with a lantern
looking
for sanity
in the world
it's just
that time
to crawl
into bed
and escape
from it all
to drift away
drift away
upon waves
in the astral ocean

***

- 12/15/2025

I tell you
that you can
speak
to the stars
and sometimes
the stars
will be listening
I tell you
you can break
the silence
in a quiet room
with a song
and the silence
will yield
to the melody
I tell you
that sometimes
we are awake
in a world
that is asleep
and that sometimes
refuses
to be awake
I tell you
that at dawn
you may
walk through
a garden
that is
in-between
somewhere
and nowhere
I tell you this
as the
dormant memory
may rise
to the surface
as a flower
may whisper
to the waves
of the sea

***

- 12/15/2025

12.

I tell you
I can see
all of those
immaculate islands
upon oceans
of fiery light
upon all of those
immaculate stars
the way forward
is through
the vision
of fire
and light
of creation
knowing the
constellations well
I believe
that a mythology
that aligns
with the soul
can be found
in the night sky
I tell you
truthfully
as you seek
and find
so many
immaculate visions
upon islands
in a sea
of light
and time

***

- 12/16/2025

13.

I did
not know
that the night
would take
a collection
of dreams
from me
I did not know
yet I sought out
the answer to
a forgotten
question
I beheld
the morning light
which was like
the shining metal
of ancient shields
I did not know
that the night
would yield
to such
a radiance
that only
the flowers
could imagine

***

- 12/16/2025

14.

We fall away
into chasms
of wormwood
and the sky
became as dark
as raven wings
when we
fell away
among all of
the disjointed
reflections
all of
the withered roots
expelled
from the ground
when not even
the soil
knows you now
we fall away
and we tend
to blame
each other
but it won't matter
when we're
waist deep
in wormwood

***

- 12/16/2025

16.

The singing clock
sings a melody
of time
a gathering
of birds
escaping through
an open window
and I did not
feel or see
the Sun
in this hour
it is far
too crimson
for my liking
instead of
strolling outdoors
I fall into
a melancholic
phobia
of wind
yet I made
my own choices
I took
a little hemlock
with me
into the garden
where the
serpents reside
their eyes
will stare
at me
in the last hour
before immortality

***

- 12/16/2025

16.

I can feel
the Moon
under
the horizon
above the lands
in the east
I am in
the lands
of the west
so I must wait
to see
the Moon again
yet I can
feel the Moon
the hour
of its appearance
here in
the west
is approaching
we are
pulled together
by currents
of gravity
and alchemy
a kind of lunar
photosynthesis
makes the green
of the forest
still abundant
before my eyes
I wait
yet I can
already feel
the lunar presence
just under
the horizon now

***

- 12/17/2025

17.

The glow
of first light
over the sea
is a time
of visions
go down
to the shore
while it is
still dark
sit yourself
down on
the sand
and wait
look out
upon the ocean
behold the clouds
growing brighter
touched
by the light
of celestial fire
look to
the east
and wait
for visions
to appear
your visions
visions meant
for only you
as the morning Sun
knows you well
so it will
give you
something
to behold

***

- 12/17/2025

18.

I see you
tonight
wild
celestial
daughter
of stars
I see you above
in the theater
that is
the jeweled
sky of the night
I can see
the flames
of distant ages
in your eyes
I can see
seraphim
near the rings
of Saturn
and you
I see you
the brightest
of all
you
wild
celestial
daughter
of stars

***

- 12/17/2025

19.

I was where
I've always been
surrounded
by comets
and planets
in an ancient
tower
by the sea
on a day
a thousand years
gone by
I was always
where I was
meant to be
wandering
sandy trails
in a forest
forgotten
by civilization
and so
truly blessed
with blessings
of nature
and only nature
and myself
my presence there
where I
always was
where I
was always
meant to be

***

- 12/17/2025

20.

I'll see you
on one of
a thousand
islands
I've seen
where Sunlight
and ocean
mingle
with each other
I'll see you there
after I've
cast myself
into exile
no longer able
to navigate
through
the world
I was always
out of place here
confusion
found me
and brought
along with it
an hourglass
I could
no longer
find a true
path for myself
so it is time
to go into exile
I have determined
so I'll see you there
on one of
a thousand islands
upon a sea
of clouds

***

- 12/17/2025

Existing
in this
confusing world
I no longer
seek any answers
I no longer
seek any
great epiphany
catching a Sunrise
does cause me
to contemplate
a thing
or two
but it doesn't
carry over
very far
into the rest
of the day
I no longer
hear symphonies
in the sky
though there was
a time
when I believe
I did
I'm existing
in this world
yet moving
further
away from it
I feel like
I am
someplace else
half the time
I don't know
how that's possible
yet I'm certain
that it's the truth
what little bit
of wisdom
I've acquired
over years
gives me this
like an epiphany
I wasn't
searching for

23.

It seemed like
a time
of the leaf
but it was
a time
of the thorn
how it all
crumbled down
so quickly
the light
of day
the dark
of night
it all lost
meaning
so quickly
yet how
it seemed
like a time
of the leaf
the world
is master
of its own
trickery
sometimes
I do not
understand
how so many
things
with so little
worthwhile purpose
exist among us
here in
the coldness
in the air
at this
early hour

***

- 12/18/2025

There is nothing
for me
to reflect upon
I knew that
the world
would be wearing
its own mask
today
the news speaks
of an
unpleasant world
is this
truly where
I dwell
before the hour
of ascension
to the clouds
I walk
in the light
when there is
light to see
I walk through
the shadow
when it has
clearly defined
boundaries
to it
an east
and a west
the edge
of a shadow
such places
in the world
hold their own
mysteries
I reflect
upon this
while waiting
to hear
the rooster's call
just before dawn

***

- 12/18/2025

25.

Soon I will
finally be able
to be reconciled
with the ocean
six months ago
I was carried away
by a damnable storm
that threw me
into thickets
of longing
how I wished
to escape
from it
for so long
yet the winds
were not
very merciful
towards me
I never knew
before
how the wind
could be
so stubborn
yet I know now
and the fog
that would
obscure
my line of sight
has cleared away
now I wish
to dream
of the ocean again
now in
the presence
of the
breaking waves
I seek to
understand
the futility
of all
understanding

***

- 12/18/2025

26.

The darkness here
follows a path
that I could not
anticipate
now when I seek
an island
to be
marooned upon
they only speak
to me
of a world
of money
yet I do not
pay attention
my eyes
always find
a bird
and follow
its flight
across the sky
and I know
that now
is neither
a beginning
or an ending
right now
feels like
there is only
the cold embrace
of winter
right now
feels like
there is only
the silence
of those
early hours
right now
I know
that there are
birds dreaming
of the first light
of tomorrow

***

- 12/18/2025

27.

There was
a different
feeling
in the air
back then
there is
a feeling
in the air now
of an
approaching storm
the Sunlight
seems the same
yet there are
subtle changes
in reflections
that are seen
upon the
still water
of a pond
or in the dusty
windows
of abandoned
buildings

***

- 12/19/2025

I am awake
only by
the power
of herbs
from the soil
all that is
not of the soil
has over
a long period
of time
put me
in a situation
where I cannot
be awake
in this world
from those
things alone
I need the herb
that originates
from the soil
I did not
intentionally wish
for any of this
to be so
yet it
came to be so
all on its own
in this world
of bats
and places
where gas lamps
used to be
yet are gone now
and I'll never
understand why
those gas lamps
would create
a light born
of dreams
and I can still
feel their essence
in the places
where the gas lamps
used to be

29.

Those folks
with nice suits
speak of things
regarding gloom
in a room with
a fancy table
thoughts
happen there
decisions
and so more
gloom is created
more gloom
is brought
into the world
by machines
that were given
commands
by folks
in nice suits
the machines obey
as they were
built to do
and the stars
keep on shining
at night
when the sky
is clear
above this
imperfect world

***

- 12/19/2025

30.

Let us go
looking
for wells
of silence
and the
festivals
of ravens
let us defy
social norms
for they are
as constraints
and the seeds
that they
give back
to the soil
are limited
in number
we wish to behold
limitless sky
we wish to see
the birds
and be reminded
of their ancestors
we wish to see
the light
of a candle
in a window
like a beacon
along the edge
of the sea
of life
and boundless
memory

***

- 12/19/2025

31.

I am struggling
to awaken
to a world
I recognize
things seem
to be drifting
into caverns
of dark time
and a cosmic
mountain pass
full of thorns
my worldly eyes
see nothing bright
yet they are rarely
ever worldly
anymore
I have been
spending
much of my time
in another
dimension
that can
on occasion
be perceived
in the wind
by the psychics
the poets
and those
in the midst
of a dream

***

- 12/19/2025

32.

I wanted
to believe
in something
and I did
for a time
but it was
taxed to death
upon an altar
of taxation
that damn altar
never seems
to disappear
from the world
it just
grows larger
these days
its shadow
is the size
of Wyoming
I don't believe
in anything now
and Caesar
has been given
his due

***

- 12/19/2025

We just don't
ever learn
ain't it so
ain't it so
we give scrolls
of our own
philosophy
to the
court jester
they disappear
forever
in laughter
and flame
we speak
of an old
idealism
that was only
ever meant for
secret societies
we just don't
ever learn
ain't it so
we wage war
over vegetable
gardens
we drill
for oil
out on
the plateau
of our
dissolving
memory
we wanted
to know
if the world
had its own
brighter reflection
we just don't learn
the realization
comes later
when it's already
too late
ain't it so

***
- 12/19/2025

I know
it will be
a day of wind
those are
my favorite
for they
remind us all
that no one
escapes punishment
if we try
to escape it
and hide indoors
the harsh wind
will still
make its presence
known
in an
unsettling manner
the windows
and doors
shall be witness
I know that
it will be
a day of wind
much punishment
will be given
yet I know
that the world
will do little
to change
its ways
there are those
of us
that know this
all too well
before things
even start
to happen
as if we were
prophets
of the days
of wind

***

- 12/20/2025

They follow us
throughout
the land
the bills
that seek
to take our coin
and our joy
I have tried
to escape them
in orchards
under bridges
down avenues
of a poetic
memory
yet they
keep on
following
given letters
of marque
from committees
based out of
office buildings
structured around
a rather cold
variation
of mathematics
I had spent
all night
crossing over
that mountain
that was not
so easy to climb
yet just after
first light
I knew that
my eyes
were not
deceiving me
the bills
were still
on my trail
and getting closer

***

- 12/20/2025

36.

There is often
a silence
that can have
more of
a presence
than a place
full of sound
the silence
can cling
to an environment
like a dew
carried over
from a dream
as I seek
to move forward
I stop and fill
my canteen
with this
beautiful silence
I shall
bring it
along with me
down the
dusty roads
where the presence
of silence
and sound
carry me
back and forth
between worlds

***

- 12/20/2025

37.

I have found
my well
of silence
and it has
brought
much solace
to me
and though
the world
by force
carries me away
I find that fate
always brings
me back
eventually
to my
well of silence
where I can see
through
the mirage
that is
this reality
where I can see
and look upon
the vast
landscapes beyond
that is the
true world
of eternity

***

-12/20/2025

38.

I seek
to become
a billion
separate particles
drifting
upon the wind
to the four corners
of a world
with four corners
to see
the brightness
of the Sun
from different
perspectives
from different
places
over land
and over sea
I seek to become
a billion
separate
individuals
yet all
of one mind
with a sole
purpose
to see
the brightness
of the Sun
from many
perspectives
all across
the world

***

- 12/20/2025

I know that we
cannot simply
believe
in nothing
I know that
it is a blessing
to be truly awake
when beholding
the stars
I know that
watching
the meteor shower
causes me
to contemplate
the threads
between
reality and dream
I know that I
am simply
passing through
a mountain pass
of many worlds

***

-12/20/2025

40.

This morning
I have seen
the orchids
of the Sun
blessing me
with a vision
that will remain
in my soul
for as long
as my memories
stay upon
dry land
and do not
drift away
upon the ocean
where all memory
becomes water
and mist

***

- 12/20/2025

41.

There is
a little bit
of glow
in the sky
to the east
the first signs
of the arrival
of dawn
the birds
are still asleep
there is
complete silence
yet not for long
soon the sky
will be set ablaze
by the arrival
of a star
in our
morning sky
our eyes
will be open
the world
we will see
and the birds
will awaken
and sing
in praise

***

- 12/21/2025

From the
great podiums
from the great
steps of marble
they are
selling us onions
and telling us
that they
are daffodils
they tell us
that the sky
is purple
when it rains
that the night
is never
so immaculate
as it is
on tax day
they speak to us
from the great
podiums
they speak to us
from the great
steps of marble
they tell us that
a whale
is actually
a dolphin
and that
everything
that we hear
is clearly
the will
of the
cheering masses

***

- 12/21/2025

43.

When the
Moonlight tries
to enchant me
sometimes
I simply whisper
let it be so
for in Moonlight
we may
rediscover
a longing
that has always
stayed with us
through years
of worldly
distractions
in the Moonlight
there is a chance
to remember
that we were
born of
a realm
of stars
and worlds
so let
the Moonlight
enchant me
I will simply
whisper my poems
to the night
let it be so

***

-12/21/2025

They have
given us
riddles
they have
given us
mountains
of fabrications
they have
given us
a broken mirror
to behold
only broken
reflections
they have
spoken to us
with the
formality
of a very
formal formality
they have
twisted words
into
mushroom stems
they give
excuses
as a fountain
gives wishes
they reference
legal decrees
that an old
typewriter
has created
they collect
the pieces
of so many
puzzles
and keep them
in little
pouches
so finely
embroidered
they live
by the riddle
and die upon
its altar
in the end

I must go forth
this morning
to the
eternal dance
to work
so that
the tax office
receives
its bounty
I was negligent
I was forgetful
I was in
a trance
bedazzled
by the strangeness
of the world
I did not
pay the taxes
in a timely
manner
now they seek
to collect
the peace
of my soul
and yet
they are
running up
a tally still
the eternal dance
goes on and on
through every
Sunrise
through every
twilight
through every
night of stars
through every
occasion
when a comet
returns

***

- 12/21/2025

Carry this candle
into the dark cave
of meaningless words
did they not know
that a sea
of meaning
may be found
in the essence
of the silence
and in the stillness
the candle
may bring light
to places
where civilizations
have discarded
their shadows
the echoes
from the many cities
end their
journey here
did they not
know about
the hidden sea
of meaning
now they are
as boats of coral
sunken underneath
waves
of infinite truth

***

- 12/21/2025

Looking back now
on the great
poetry rebellion
of twenty five
a dream
too far perhaps
the world
simply changes
slowly
most often
only on
rare occasions
are we mesmerized
by blast of color
from ethereal flames
the words of poems
like musket balls
bouncing off
the cold granite
of entrenched
complacency
it was all
too much
of a dream perhaps
yet if
such dreams
are ever lost
to the world
then the signs
would reveal to us
that the hour
is very late
that a lasting
night approaches
so I shall hide
some memory
of ethereal fire
within myself
and wait to hear
the tolling
of the bells
once more
and all
that it may
signify

***
- 12/21/2025

48.

And so it's all
falling into
the chasm
why we allowed
the chasm
to grow
so large
I'll never know
but that's not
really true
as complacency
can be
an appealing thing
and something
very easy
to fall into
like the great
big chasm
we've all
fallen into now
goodnight
and pleasant
dreams

***

- 12/21/2025

This is a morning
when the doves
have moved on
and the crows
have moved in
the sound
of their gathering
fills the air
and reaches
down to
the hidden caverns
within the mind
this morning
is a cold morning
the doves
have moved on
for they
do not wish
to feel the cold
yet the crows
who have gathered
they do not seem
to mind the cold
at all
the crows gather
and they have brought
a measure
of eeriness
to this cold morning
yes .... the crows
have gathered
the doves
have already left
and are far away
from us all
by now

***

- 12/22/2025

50.

Sitting here
this morning
just after Sunrise
waiting
for a call
to tell me
how much money
I owe
for a thing
and I may
have enough saved
yet then again
I may not
I'll find out
fairly soon
just sitting
here now
perceiving
the moments
going by
perhaps
each passing moment
has its own
destiny
somewhere
beyond the great
threshold
my phone
will ring soon
it will bring
good news
or bad news
the Sun
will continue
to climb
and move
across the sky
either way

***

- 12/22/2025

51.

Open your window
and let
the dreams
of the trees
fill your room
open that
small jar of salt
and let an ocean
from a hundred
years ago
fill your room
open your window
and let in
the birds
that were around
in Medieval days
do these things
and you shall be
carried away
to where mystery
and wonder
shine like
a lantern
in the darkness

***

- 12/22/2025

Cold morning
bright Sun
water formed
into ice
time itself
is frozen
cold morning
the only birds
singing
are the birds
that have
adapted
to the cold
it is impossible
to feel
the warmth
of stars
from this distance
echoes of time
would otherwise
be heard
throughout
the town
yet they are
not heard
for time itself
is frozen
all memory
is frozen
cold morning
so far away
from the warmth
of stars

***

- 12/22/2025

53.

I am listening
to the music
of symphonies
from sixteen
small islands
out there
beyond my window
in a sea
of candlelight
the music
and the light
become entangled
with my thoughts
and vines begin
growing in
my room
so rapidly
that within
moments
my room
is full of vines
the music
of sixteen symphonies
and the light
from the sea
of candles

***

- 12/22/2025

54.

How I see it
how I
perceive it all
it is like
musical notes
floating
upon the air
it is like
the essence
of spring
before its
arrival
it is like
the glare
of fresh snow
in Sunlight
how I can see
it all completely
like the
fulfillment
of a sacred
longing

***

- 12/22/2025

55.

Let us speak
the words
that will forever
bind us
to the wind
let us move
like the caterpillar
and not
the butterfly
for we must learn
to endure
those moments
when nothing
seems to
change quickly
let us speak
the words
that will forever
bind us
to the trees
of the forest
for it is there
that we are shown
such an
enchanting world

***

- 12/22/2025

Do they not know
that their misdeeds
will cause
bitter winds
to rise
do they not know
that some echoes
go around
the world
and return to
the beginning again
with the power
to persist
in those quiet moments
in the dark
of the night
have they
learned nothing
from the old books
that hold
within them
so much memory
why do they
still cling
to those illusions
that now
grow dimmer
in the twilight

***

- 12/22/2025

57.

I am walking
into a place
of red shadows
I am breathing
the air of
a North Atlantic storm
from two centuries
before
I am here
in my room
yet there is
a part of me
that is
in a desert
standing beside
a solitary flower
in my mirror
I see
a reflection
of myself
that once opened
many doors
to many
different realms
of existence
I was then
as I still am now
always longing
for Moonlight

***

- 12/22/2025

Across the land
the vultures
are speaking
the serpents
are slithering
the scythe of time
descends
for all shall know
the harvest
in their own hour
across the land
tarantulas
are moving through
hotel lobbies
the newspapers report
little of consequence
the crows seem to
ignore us
as is understandable
the teleprompters
prompt us
to ignore the things
we hear
from teleprompters
and the Moon
looks awfully inviting
up there
away from
the madness
so peaceful and quiet
like a dream
that can only
ever exist
as a dream for us

***

- 12/22/2025

There I was
out there
alone at night
with an old lantern
like Diogenes
searching the land
for any last trace
of meaning
left out there
it would be
slow going
I knew this
for meaning
had been disappearing
from the land
at an exponential rate
I had received reports
that traces
of meaning
had been seen
wandering along
the coastline
of New Jersey
yet these reports
turned out
to be false
there was no trace
of meaning
to be found there
so I decided
to continue my search
no matter how far
it would take me
El Paso .... Reno
the City of Angels
it didn't matter
how far
I was determined now
as determined
as old Diogenes
himself

***

- 12/22/2025

This town
just doesn't
feel the same
anymore
not exactly
sure why
perhaps
the plutocrats
have drilled
for oil
in our gardens
they wouldn't
think twice
about doing
such a thing
they've got
all the time
and money
in the world
to go after
every last drop
so lets
go to sleep now
there's
a crescent Moon
out tonight
I saw it
just a little
bit ago
driving down
the road
after going out
for a pack
of smokes
I'm just about
to go out
on my balcony
for the day's
last cigarette
it's really cold
out there
but so be it
light it up

***

- 12/22/2025

The alarm clock
failed
or maybe I did
I overslept
by four hours
I awoke
hearing birds
outside
kicking up
quite a cacophony
it's cold
cloudy
and raining
there's no Sunlight
to be seen
no blue sky
to be seen
from horizon
to horizon
yet the birds
are really
chirping away
about something
not really sure
what it could be
everything
looks normal
out there
some more
alertness
is needed however
to the coffeepot then
lets kick it
into high gear
with some of that
good java

***

- 12/23/2025

Seek not
to behold
that which
was only meant
for those
willing
to look beyond
the great barrier
I apologize
for not being
as forthcoming
as I should
have been
with an explanation
that will
hold water
in the eyes
of public opinion
the beast
yes ....
the hungry wolf
with whom
you are
most likely
damned either way
if not today
then on
some tomorrow
beyond the valley
of Sunrise
take it
in stride though
just be yourself
all creation
will know
if you're faking
something
the great clockmaker
of the Cosmos
can tell when
you're full of it
so beware
there are eyes
everywhere
beyond invisible
boundaries
of sea .... sky
and land

Fate
has pulled
the rug out
from under
my feet once again
that old
trickster and I
have had our share
of encounters
keep a sharp eye
for the omens
the signs
they are everywhere
yet most
never pay attention
when crows gather
in large numbers
they usually know
something big
is waiting
just down the road
yes .... keep
a sharp eye
don't fall into
the trappings
of excessive
consumerism
don't be fooled
by all the glitter
which is just
glitter
and nothing more
be mindful
when standing
on rugs
metaphorically
speaking
fate ...
the old trickster
could be close by
just waiting
to seize
an opportunity

***

- 12/23/2025

I gave up
on the year
about half-way
through it
I didn't want
to have to deal
with the bother
of it all
anymore
on a subconscious
level
I just started
to drift away
I hoped
to the inviting
clouds
up in the sky
but gravity
wasn't diverging
from the rule book
Issac Newton
knew this
and so should I
so I just
drifted anyway
confined
to the Earth yes
yet a person
can learn
to drift away
without ever being
in any kind
of motion
it's a cheap
parlor trick perhaps
yet I have
no scruples
I'll do what
it takes
to avoid
having to
deal with
all the bother

***

- 12/23/2025

So you know now
that it's all
batshit crazy
out there
and here we are
marooned
on some tiny rock
floating in
a dark sea
of cosmic creation
yet what
is the source
of it all
are we the dreamer
or the dream
and if we are
the dream
then who
is doing
the dreaming
Copernicus
tried to
figure it all out
Giordano Bruno
as well
and they
burned him
at the stake
for it
they simply
couldn't accept
that we weren't
the center
of all attention
well ....
they were never
proven right
and they never
will be
yet vanity
still persist
in this world
a constant force
as bleak as
this cold
overcast day
in New Jersey

It wasn't
the best of times
and it wasn't
the worst of times
just yet
when I awoke
one day
to a strange world
for the most part
it all seemed
the same
by outward
appearance
yet there was
some strange
energy in the air
I couldn't quite
put my
finger on it
yet it was there
and detectable
such a strange
powerful sleep
had over taken me
I went to bed
one night
in nineteen
ninety seven
and then
next thing I knew
I was awake
and the television
was telling me
that it was
twenty twenty five
and thick
as molasses
there it was
that strange energy
in the air
and I immediately
knew
that this wasn't
the best of times

***

- 12/23/2025

I was swimming
in a sea
of dollar bills
and piranhas
holding an old
ceramic duck lamp
wondering
how it could
be lit
when it wasn't
plugged in
to anything
yet I felt
the need
to keep it
safe and dry
not let it touch
any of those
dollar bills
which came
from who
knows where
for who knows
what purpose
this sea
wasn't as scenic
as the one
I grew up
close to
in New Jersey
and the piranhas
in the sea
were viscous
little creatures
hungry for
funding bills
and discretionary
spending
to take back
to their
minotaur king
upon the isle
of mind-blowing
labyrinths

***

- 12/23/2025

Tell me
how this
could be
when our dreams
have turned
into sinister
looking orchids
that call down
upon us
the wrath
of harpies
the system
has very
rigid boundaries
go beyond those
then you risk
exposure
to the true nature
of true nature
the hourglass
and the scythe
are interchangeable
most often
we try
to cover them up
by hanging up
paintings
of wheat fields
on our walls
yet we can
only fake
being oblivious
for so long
we ponder
the big questions
late at night
sometimes
and there
in the silence
of those late hours
we sometimes believe
we hear the answers
whispered in our ears

***

- 12/23/3025

I'm free
from it all
for the night
until the torch
of Helios
rises in our sky
once again
I'm free
from all
the bad news
the political
opinion pieces
the vines
growing up
the walls
of this apartment
Mother Nature
wants to
bring me back
to the
hidden source
I feel
I won't argue
take me away
to a place
of botanical
insanity
yet so beautiful
take me away
to where
the soil
is full of roots
and memory
I won't argue
and now
is the perfect time
while Helios
is probably
over Tahiti
by this hour
shining down
on the palm trees

***

- 12/23/2025

That thing
it seemed like
such an unlikely
such a preposterous
thing
to occur
in such a manner
that couldn't
possibly be
the way
it went down
that would be
pure madness
and does
pure madness
even exist
in the world
anymore
hasn't it
gone extinct
like so many
sects of those
Druids of old
the world
just doesn't operate
like that anymore
am I right
or are there
such things
still out there
in the world
glowing
shining
radiating
so bright
with such
a purity
of mad thought
how can it be
how the hell
can it even be

***

- 12/24/2025

There was music
to be heard
from the heavens
as the sky
grew bright red
from the approach
of dawn
the pinpoint
moment
when the Sun
can first be seen
in the atmosphere
the curvature
and rotation
of the Earth
has made such
an immaculate thing
possible
we are all simply
those who can
behold
such masterpieces
of color
in the morning sky

***

- 12/24/2025

The cycles of time
are what keep
causing the weeds
to return
to my garden
I am sure
of this
as I stare
at an old
grandfather clock
that is just
a memory
to me now
about as solid
as laughing gas
filling a room
full of surrealist
the ancient
chronicles
foretold
such unpleasant
truths
yet here we are
living through it
night and day
just waiting
for the appearance
of that
shore of eternity
off in the distance

***

- 12/24/2025

I'm going
into the mirage
of the century
I am playing
a violin
in a rain
of volcanic ash
for no
particular reason
other than
to be
an individual
in the twilight
of the Olympian gods
they say
that this is
an age of gold
yet they say a lot
and not even
the vampire bats
believe them
anymore
what can you do
when faced
with such
absurdity
you must try
to ride out
the storm
for as long
as you can
I suppose
the Sun
will still rise
tomorrow
and the tomorrow
after that
new things
will become
old things
eventually
time often seems
to rhyme
with its own echo
we're all just pieces

on a great
chessboard
on Mt. Olympus
where the gods dwell

***

- 12/24/2025

75.

The still quiet
of early morning
can sometimes
hit you
like the music
of a symphony
another day
to wander
the land
another day
of toil
another day
to feel the wind
upon my face
another day
when I do not
look upon
mountains
for there are no
mountains
where I live
yet if given
a choice
I would choose
to look upon
mountains
in the quiet
stillness
of the morning
that can often be
like music
to the ears

***

- 12/25/2025

Now you awake
often
to behold
a broken chair
there you see
long wooden tables
where bad decisions
are made
with the scent
of sulfur
in the air
go forward
towards the dark
night of it all
put your ears
out there
and listen
often ....
the butterflies
will tell you
secrets
keep them
with you always
in your memory
do not allow
the dreary
stone buildings
of revenue
take them
from you
or tax you
for keeping them
as a cherished
possession
go onwards
towards the dark
night of it all
the stars
will be waiting there
to guide you
onwards
to a new journey

*** - 12/25/2025

Soon
I will
wander out
into the forest
in search
of that
legendary well
where wishes
become illusions
and illusions
become wishes
and I don't really
mind so much
these days
looking for
alternatives
to this reality
far too many
people
on snowy mountains
or near
quiet streams
are muttering
into the breeze
questioning
all that they see
and hear
on the news reports
wondering how
circumstances
seem to have
gone down
a fog shrouded
road
lined with
botanical abominations
the snowy mountain
and the quiet stream
seem like some kind
of portal
back to the reality
they've always known
yet never
appreciated enough
until now

*** - 12/25/2025

In bygone days
I would drink
the wine of night
and be mesmerized
by the Moonlight
yet that was
long ago
if I indulge
in the wine
of night
these days
I'm looking at
experiencing
a three day
hangover
time has
rendered me
but a shell
of my old self
far too many times
did I indulge
with that wine
and find myself
lost somewhere
in Ithaca
the local shepherd
driving me away
with their
shepherd's staffs
shouting profanity
at me
also how
I ponder now
those bygone days
as time flies by
like a vulture
in the vast Mojave

***

- 12/25/2025

Fill the sky
with a song
of Moonlight
dance upon
the trail
of a passing
comet
astral project
to a desert
of Mars
do not let
the powers
that be
tell you
what is possible
and what is
impossible
the tax hounds
will chase you
regardless
be the captain
of your own
sinking ship
unfurl
the Jolly Roger
grab what pearls
and jewels
you can
compose a symphony
out of
the radio noise
search for
the garden
of primordial
splendor
where the modern
world
is like
a forgotten dream

***

- 12/25/2025

We followed
the course
of the star
towards
the unknown
horizon
what was
held as truth
in one century
is now like
rose petals
blowing away
in a sea breeze
yet the same
old messengers
still prowl
in the night
the same ones
that walked
the land
long before
our time
we have visions
about an ancient
fountain
out there
in the middle
of a swamp
for some of us
time is the gold
that we seek
so we shall
follow the course
of that
single star
and place
all of our hopes
upon it

***

- 12/25/2025

Mystified
by all of
the mystifying
surreal
turn of events
the balance
of things
has gone astray
the goddess Athena
has left us all
to fend
for ourselves
and the jackals
are at the gates
this was foreseen
by the prophets
some time
many centuries ago
but we're all
much too
distracted now
we could hardly
pick a duck
out of
a duck parade
the year
of the serpent
is just about over
there was much
gnashing of teeth
and scribbling
of meaningless
symbols
on walls
the year
of the fire horse
will soon be
upon us
look to
the weathervanes
and the Sundials
the signs
are all there
if you believe

*** - 12/25/2025

We are simply
waiting
for the inertia
to dissipate
into thin air
the laws of motion
operate differently
in the
fourth dimension
what do we
really know about
such things anyway
when our minds
are blasted
with propaganda
relentlessly
some of us
will acquire
our own soap boxes
and head
for the streets
some of us
will turn
zombie-like
and detach
from this
information crazed
reality
some of us
have been
to ice palaces
in the dream realm
some of us
didn't want
to come back
yet our roots
are deep here
the soil
is a part of us
we'll see it
through
to the end
for we are determined
to complete
the journey

to the shores
of that last river
with coins
in our pockets

***

- 12/25/2025

What are we
supposed to do
around here
we are like sheep
that have
wandered into
a kite flying
competition
we have navigated
the world
yet only
in our mind
cartographers
have massed
just about
everything by now
yet they still
haven't discovered
all that
lies hidden
government
budget cuts
have prohibited
such a thing
I wander
through the desert
to the place
where the cactus
are like
radio transmitters
to the stars
do not wait
until the next time
that the Moon
is full
there's no time
for that now
instead you must
walk through
the valley
of the shadow
of realization
your realization
your valley
of the shadow
your shadow
of the valley

I am listening
to the wind
and hearing
just wind
there's no great
soliloquy
of meaning
this time
yet ... this is
a frequent occurrence
true revelation
comes and goes
it appears
it's not
set in stone
like an
ancient obelisk
it's good
to listen
to the wind
all the same
sometimes
we simply
don't pay enough
attention
to the small
details
we may forget
how to listen
to the wind
and then
the next thing
you know
we're making
very poor
decisions
at the
voting booth

***

- 12/26/2025

Have I been
thrown into
alternate reality
something
just feels
amiss here
if I look back
and reflect upon
the linear path
of time
it's obvious
something happened
along the road
back there
some great fissure
some great
pot hole
the size
of a county
in Missouri
we didn't
catch it
at the time
everything
just seemed
business
as usual
yet that was
far from
the truth
and now
the road
continues on
yet we don't know
where to
any longer
we are simply
passengers
on a train
to the great
mystery
that awaits

*** - 12/26/2025

Another year
is almost over
the shadow
of time
creeps up on me
a little more
getting closer
there's no where
to run to
anymore
there are
serpents everywhere
and even
all the igloos
far up north
have all melted
the realization
slowly sinks in
those mad
crazed
ancient astrologers
really knew
what they
were talking about
and now
I am haunted
by the memory
of something
I once cherished
yet so far away
it feels now
lost in all
the blurry haze
of politics
rife with psychosis
soon it will
be New Years
and fireworks
will light up
the sky
at the stroke
of midnight

*** - 12/26/2025

The ferns
simply
could not
survive
in this kind
of political
climate
I did what
I could
but the
atmosphere
was too rife
with
negative particles
ominous winds
from desolate
tundras
and ravens gathering
to take
advantage
of the situation
my poor ferns
never stood
a chance
this in itself
should be
a sign
that the bells
toll for thee
and a total eclipse
will soon
confirm
those suspicions
we've all held
for so long

***

- 12/26/2025

The ominous clouds
have arrived
off in the distance
we see some
sort of
Medieval scene
like something
straight out of
a Hieronymus Bosch
painting
strange times indeed
we were warned
plenty of times
yet we were
never quite sure
what to do
and now
the hour glass
is called back
by its true master
and we are
left here
confused
simply waiting
for that strange
Bosch looking scene
to over take us
and then what
what lies beyond
will answers
appear to us
in the form
of visions
in the sky
we were all
wishing for change
yet we must have
forgotten
to specify
some of the
details
or most of them
reading over
the fine print
was never
a strength for us
*** - 12/26/2025

Can't everyone see
it's karma
rolling back
on us
like a tidal wave
we wanted our cake
and then to covet
our neighbor's cake
as well
we didn't believe
that the
cosmic laws
applied to us to
that was a mistake
that we've
come to realize
the hard way
with great cost
to our own sanity
now it's as if
we can't
find our way
out of
this damn fog
we carry
our lanterns
yet they
are useless
in the face
of such obscurity
in the form
of a cloud
upon the Earth
never to float
on by
on its way
out to sea
and then to
Portugal perhaps

***

- 12/26/2025

I have written
of night visions
many times
I have written
of wandering
labyrinths
that are within
and nowhere else
I have listened
to the songs
that seem
to originate
from the edge
of the forest
nowhere else
time is like
an ocean
that calls to us
in this
ocean of time
one may find
mermaids of time
one may find
an underwater city
that glows
like a pearl
in the ocean
of time
I have written
of the shine
like a lighthouse
in my mind
light shining
over the
rolling waves

***

- 12/27/2025

I have achieved
no balance
no balance
of the symmetry
of thought
I have come
to understand
all too well
that our days
glow like
fireflies
then return
to the darkness
of the night
I have achieved
no balance
with anything
balance has
always been
one step
ahead of me
and I've never
been able
to catch up
how fortunate
are the ones
who have
achieved balance
I hope that
they know
how fortunate
they are
some probably do
those who
have been
to places
in the mind
and soul
where there was
no balance
they most likely
remember
and have come to
appreciate
the balance
that they've
achieved
*** - 12/27/2025

Seek and find
find and seek
for the world
is but
a basket
of oysters
or so it seems
to some
who allowed
their thoughts
to drift
into the clouds
and are now
unable
to bring
them back
visions must be
handled with care
after all
for they can
pull you
out of reality
which I suppose
at times
seems very
appealing
yet the great
bureaucracy
still has its eye
on you
for tax purposes
there is no
escaping it
and so at times
we find ourselves
lamenting
into the wind
what a world
we could create
if only
they'd let
the dreamers
have a go at it

*** - 12/27/2025

The water
of the stream
of time
is not still
it is flowing
towards some
larger body
of time
such as
a vast lake
of time
the water
of time
is constantly
flowing somewhere
sometimes
it is flowing
towards
the constellations
that we look upon
in the night sky

***

- 12/27/2025

We are wandering
through a desert
of omens
that have
been ignored
we seek
no specific
destination
other than
simply a place
where civilization
has touched
the world
by night we look
to the position
of the Sun
we look
to the horizon
to see any
sparkle of light
any reflection
that might
show us
the way
we wander among
so many
discarded omens
omens that
in their time
were never
believed
and so we travel
on and on
amidst such
a vast wasteland

***

- 12/27/2025

We are whispering
into deep canyons
so that we
may ourselves
experience
a small degree
of bitter
existential truth
many of us
are simply
dream seekers
some of us
are Sunrise chasers
I myself
could easily
be counted
among them
many of us
have been
searching
for some means
to escape
the overwhelming
feeling
of dread
and despair
many of us
experience visions
of the arctic
as if
we were all
being summoned
by some
mysterious
and powerful force
way out there
on the plateaus
of ice

***

- 12/27/2025

As the Sunlight
fades
over the isle
of Ithaca
I look out
my window
to the great big
world out there
and realize
that I have
strayed too far
from whatever
was supposed
to have been
my destiny
somewhere
along the way
I became too
suspicious
the mere
appearance
of things
couldn't appease me
like some
Gordian Knot
that would always
get the
better of me
I felt that
I could
no longer
understand
the times
to which
I belonged
and there in
lies the paradox
that haunts me
for in truth
I no longer felt
like I belonged
to these times

*** - 12/27/2025